THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII JULY, 1926 No. 7

CONTENTS

Painting of Brigham Young ..... George Henry Taggart Frontispiece
The Song of Gratitude ..... Alfred Osmond 333
Brigham the Pioneer ..... Minnie J. Hardy 335
Pioneer Reminiscences of Mrs. Margaret Stalle Baker ..... Prof. James L. Baker 337
Old Lace ..... Gladys Stewart Bennion 343
Reminiscences of Mrs. John Sharp ..... Ramona Wilcox Cannon 345
Lake Lillian ..... Coral J. Black 353
Editorial—The Sesqui-Centennial 355
Emily Young Clawson ..... Lula Green Richards 358
Dr. Margaret C. Roberts ..... Annie Wells Cannon 361
We Tread the Dust ..... Ellen L. Jakeman 364
Louisa Marshall Boyce 371
Pioneer Days in Payson ..... Emma S. Curtis Simmons 378
How to Teach ..... Dean L. John Nuttall 376
Conference Addresses 380
Notes From the Field ..... Amy Brown Lyman 383
Teachers' Topic for September 386

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
Room 20 Bishop's Bldg. Salt Lake City, Utah
$1.00 a Year—Single Copy, 10c.
Canada and Foreign, $1.25 a Year—15c Single Copy
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah
Phone Wasatch 3123

$100

For a Third Carat Diamond in a genuine Orange Blossom Engagement Ring.
Boyd Park Quality, Wedding Rings to Match.

BOYD PARK
JEWELERS
BOYD PARK BLDG. 166 MAIN STREET

VACATION TIME
SPECIAL SUMMER EXCURSION FARES
VIA
Southern Pacific Lines

TO LOS ANGELES AND RETURN BOTH WAYS VIA SAN FRANCISCO..... **$42.60**

TO LOS ANGELES VIA SAN FRANCISCO RETURNING DIRECT OR ROUTE REVERSED **$50.10**

PROPORTIONATELY LOW FARES FROM ALL OTHER POINTS IN UTAH, IDAHO AND MONTANA.
STOPOVERS ALLOWED AT ALL POINTS.
TICKETS ON SALE DAILY MAY 15th TO SEPT. 30th
FINAL RETURN LIMIT OCTOBER 31st.

For complete information, tickets and reservations, call, write or phone
PRESS BANCROFT, GENERAL AGENT
41 SOUTH MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY
PHONES WASATCH 3008—3078

For our success we are indebted to our friends

Bennett Glass & Paint Co.
65 West First South

Call Your Nearest KEELEY Dealer For Our 30c or 50c Special Brick

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR Z. C. M. I. FACTORY-MADE

Children's Allovers

Khaki and White-Backed Denim for Boys—

Khaki and Peggy Clothes, Dutch Kut, for Girls—

The Famous

Mountaineer Overalls

Give Splendid Satisfaction

Z C M I

DON'T BE FOOLED!

There Sure is a Difference Between

GULBRANSEN REGISTERING PIANOS

and

OLD STYLE "PLAYER PIANOS"

Nationally priced—4 Styles
$420—$530—$615—$700

Also Brand New Guaranteed Pianos in any Finish
$305 $350

Freight Prepaid to Your Railroad Station.

Write in For Free Catalogue and our EASY TERMS.

GLEN BROS.-ROBERTS PIANO CO.

Two Stores
OGDEN, UTAH

161 South Main St.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Real Estate Loans at advantageous interest rates.

Build a Better Home / We'll Finance You

Ashton-Jenkins Co.

33 Main Street Wasatch 123 Salt Lake City

The Utah Milk for all People Leads

For many uses it takes the place of *cream* at about one-third the cost. It is always safe, pure and convenient. *Ask for Sego Milk* and be sure you get what you ask for.

SEGO MILK

NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE FOR THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS

Light Fixtures to please your own individuality, at prices to suit your pocket book, along with courteous service at

MODERN ELECTRIC CO.

128 So. State St. Was. 2307

Electrical Contractors

Fixtures and Appliances

Our Advertisers

They are our friends. Consider them as such and when buying supplies remember them, they patronize us.

MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT

LATTER-DAY SAINTS GARMENTS

From Factory to You, Old or New Style

209 All fine silk	$5.00	24 Heavy bleached	$2.20
4 Light flat weave	.95	10 Med. 1/3 wool	2.75
11 Lt. cotton unbleached	1.40	16 Heavy 1/3 wool	3.75
20 Lt. cotton bleached	1.60	18 All merino wool	5.50
60 Medium unbleached	1.65	59 Med. ½ silk ½ wool	7.00
22 Medium bleached	1.85	21 Lt. silk stripe wool	4.25
19 Heavy unbleached	2.00	25 Lt. ½ silk ½ wool	5.00

Specify OLD or NEW style and size. Inclose M. O. and POSTAGE will be paid

UTAHWEARE KNITTING FACTORY

652 Iverson St., Salt Lake City, Utah

UTAH MADE SUGAR

IS THE EQUAL OF ANY SUGAR IN THE WORLD!

100% Pure
100% Fine
100% For Utah

USE IT FOR PRESERVING
USE IT ON YOUR TABLE

BETTER REFRIGERATION *for* BETTER HEALTH

Pure, wholesome foods, kept fresh and pure, is not a luxury but a practical necessity—a matter of health protection. Up-to-date, progressive tradesmen are providing this with "Lipman Full—Automatic Refrigerating Equipment"

—A SIZE FOR EVERY NEED

AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATION CO.

W. A. RITCHIE, Manager

No. 64 Post Office Place Phone Wasatch 7379 Salt Lake City, Utah

Ask for one of our folders describing the different services we offer.

Troy LAUNDRY

Hyland 190 *Distinctive Work* Office 319 S. Main St.

KING COAL

Is the best coal to store and summer is the best time to store it. King is hard, blocky and clean, low in ash, high in heat. Look up the King Coal dealer.

Mined exclusively by—

United States Fuel Co.

Largest producers of Domestic Coal in Utah.

A Ringer

YOUNG SAMSON knows what he's aiming at—a bottle of our rich, creamy milk. It's a ringer every time, and the prize is health.

CLOVER LEAF DAIRY

159 W. 1st So. Was. 2177

THE RELIABLE

1069 EAST 21st SOUTH

OUR NAME, OUR AIM

Our Made to Order

L.D.S. GARMENTS and UNION SUITS

Wear Longer and Give More Comfort.

No.— 50 Lt. Wt. Bleached Cotton, flat weave.$ .95
No.— 52 Fine Ribbed Bleached Cotton 1.35
No.— 54 Medium Ribbed Bleached Cotton... 1.65
No.— 56 Medium Ribbed Unbleached Cotton. 1.65
No.— 58 Heavy Ribbed Unbleached Cotton.. 2.25
No— 60 Heavy Ribbed Bleached Cotton.... 2.25
No.— 64 Fine Lisle, any Style..... 1.95
No.—102 Fine Rayon Silk, Ladies' New Style 4.50

All above New or Old Style. Samples sent on request.

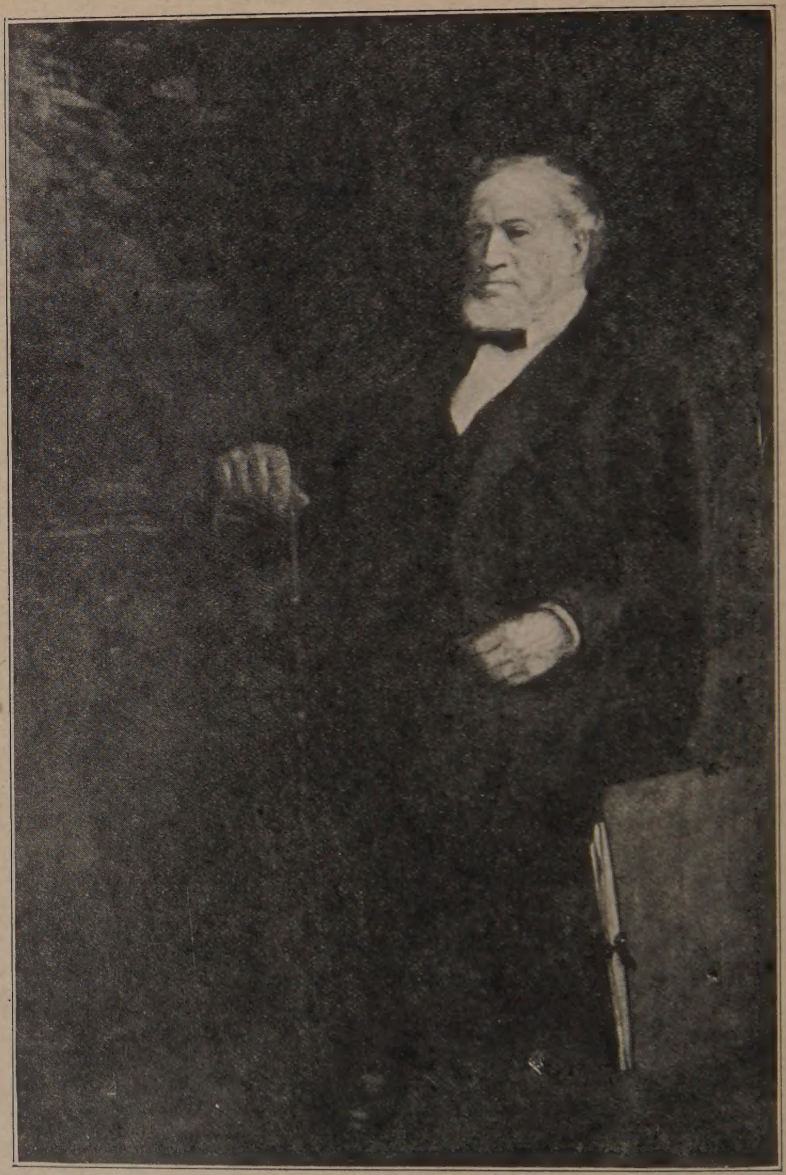
The Song of Gratitude

Alfred Osmond

We thank thee, Father, for the pioneers
Who crossed the sterile plains of desolation
And laid the desert ghosts of native fears,
Enduring bitter tests of their probation.
We thank thee for the ties of our relation
To men and women who were brave and true.
With stones of faith they laid a firm foundation
And builded so much better than they knew
That, from the many called, they are a chosen few.

We thank thee for the hardy hands of toil
That made the desert blossom as the rose,
And for the fertile richness of the soil
That blessings on the toiler still bestows.
We thank thee for the faith that never knows
A master who can lead it to despair;
But, like a stream that chatters as it flows,
It mocks the murmurs of its grief and care
And radiates its gleams of gladness everywhere.

We thank thee for the stern and steadfast mind
That saw in visions valleys of the West,
And led the many thousands of its kind
To what would seem to man a foolish quest,
"This is the place. The Spirit knoweth best."
And now we justify the strange decree;
But let us not forget the final test
That came and forced our fathers' eyes to see
In miles of desert wastes, an Empire's destiny.



PAINTING OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

COLLEGE HALL, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

By Geroge Henry Taggart, 1902

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIII JULY, 1926 No. 7

Brigham the Pioneer

Minnie J. Hardy

Far from the scenes of death and strife
With slowly-plodding oxen trains,
He sought for liberty and life,
Across the dreary, boundless plains.
Determined, brave, he looked not back,
On leaving loved ones, shed no tear;
But faced the west, all void of track,
Brigham, God's chosen pioneer.

His list'ning ear was tuned to hear
Almighty God's supreme command.
With heart of oak, unknown to fear,
He thus addresseed his faithful band.
"In that strange, new land lies our home,
We start at dawn, what e'er betide,
And come what may, why let it come,
God is our strength, our life, our guide."

The way was long—their progress slow,
The wind-swept plains stretched miles and miles.
The winter came with ice and snow,
Still they gave thanks with songs and smiles.
Columbia sounded war's alarm,
Calling the sons she needed most;
His young men quickly shouldered arms
And marched with Kearny to the coast.

Then onward over deserts drear,
And mighty mountains wild and grand;
With steadfast faith and vision clear
He scanned the wondrous Promised Land.
And prayed, "Dear Lord, for Jesus' sake,
Renew our strength, grant us thy grace."
The answer came, "A lake! a lake!"
He breathed, "Thank God—This is the place."

Grave dangers lurked—a red-man foe
Joined hands with gaunt, grim poverty,
Wild beasts destroyed their herds and, lo!
Scant stores for dire necessities
Confronted them. Death took his toll,
And heavy seemed the chast'ning rod,
Unfaltering still, the Church his goal,
He kept his covenant with God.

The desert blossomed as the rose,
The temple spires rose to the sun,
His children bless'd him at life's close,
His stupendous task, indeed well done.
His work for ages will proclaim
This patriarch, prophet, builder, seer.
Great Utah loves the honored name
Of her immortal pioneer!

MRS. MARGARET S. BARKER

Pioneer Reminiscences of Mrs. Margaret Stalle Barker

By Her Son, Professor James L. Barker

(Head of Modern Language Department, University of Utah)

> Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
> Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.
> Forget not; in thy book record their groans, etc.
> *Milton, on the late massacre in Piedmonth,* (1655).

The above lines were written in protest of the treatment of the oldest protestant people in Europe, so old in fact, that it is not known whether they ever recognized the authority of the pope or not. There were other dissenters before Luther, but all other heretical movements were stamped out by the power of Rome. In the north of Italy, opposition to the domination of Rome perhaps

never ceased. It was only in 1134 that Milan recognized her supremacy. At Monforte d'Alba, a numerous congregation was found in 1017. Attacked by the troops of the Bishop of Milan, they preferred death by burning to the abjuration of their religion, and offer the first example of Christians put to death by other Christians for a difference in faith. It is probable also that many of the Albigenses, who were pursued on both sides of the Alps, took refuge in the high valleys of the Cottian Alps southwest of Turin. In the twelfth century, Pierre Valdo who had given his fortune to the poor and begun the preaching of reformed doctrines, was driven with his followers from Lyons and likewise took refuge in these same high Alpine valleys. From this time on their inhabitants were known as *Vaudois* or Waldensees. They sent out preachers two by two, at first openly, and then later disguised as tinkers and in various other ways. The Waldensee movement came to have numerous adherents throughout most of the countries of western Europe. The Waldensees were constantly pursued as heretics. Whole armies and two crusades were directed against them. During the crusade loosed in 1208 by Innocent III, the cities of Provence and Languedoc were burned and sacked and 60,000 of their inhabitants perished. Everywhere the movement was stamped out except in the Alpine valleys.

Following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), they resisted the combined armies of France and Savoy so stubbornly that the remnant of them, about 2,600 in number, were permitted to withdraw to Geneva. Four years later, their pastor Henri Arnaud, gathered them together on the banks of Lake Geneva and led them across the Alps to the reconquest of their native valleys. Threatened with extermination and reduced to less than three hundred, they would not surrender, and were saved from annihilation only by a rupture between the ruler of Savoy and Louis XIV.

The *Vaudois* were constantly subjected to unjust taxation, confiscation, kidnaping (especially of their children), imprisonment and death, frequently by burning, and even until 1848 (with the exception of the period of the French revolution and Napoleon), the law forbade them entrance to the universities, the professions, the army and commerce, and rendered invalid any title to land they might acquire outside their mountain valleys. Though some fled and formed colonies in Switzerland and Germany, the valleys became over-populated and all were reduced to the life of the peasant and shepherd. Nevertheless, each family owned its own little home and plot of ground and they lived in independent poverty.

February 17, 1848, Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, signed a decree which may be summarized as follows: "The Vaudois are admitted to enjoy all the civil and political rights of our subjects, to attend the schools and universities, and to take academic degrees.

Nevertheless nothing is changed as to the exercise of their religion or the schools they direct themselves."

The *Vaudois* are remote from the beaten lines of travel. Today one must travel thirty miles southwest of Turin, and then climb the valleys of the Alps, to reach them. It seems strange, that one year after the beginning of toleration in the valleys Apostle Lorenzo Snow, Joseph Toronto, and T. B. H. Stenhouse should have been called at the October conference in 1849, among the first group of missionaries to start from the Great Salt Lake Valley, to leave on a mission to Italy. And it is still more extraordinary that, having arrived in Genoa, June 25, 1850, under

MOTHER OF MARGARET S. BARKER

appointment from Apostle Snow, on "July 1, Elders T. B. H. Stenhouse and Joseph Toronto, left * * * to visit the protestant valleys of Piedmont." (*Millennial Star*, 12:371.)

On July 20, 1850, Apostle Snow, in writing to President Richards of the European mission said: "I believe that the Lord has there (in the valleys of Piedmont) hidden up a people

and the Alpine mountains, and it is the voice of the Spirit that I shall communicate something of importance to that part of this dark nation." (Biography of Lorenzo Snow.) He further writes that "When the confessors of Rome shook the world and princes fell from their thrones, they dared ye brave the anathemas of the Pope and the genius of the mighty."

When the missionaries entered the valleys the protestant inhabitants numbered about twenty-one thousand and there were about five thousand Catholics. A provincial dialect and French were generally spoken and Italian was frequently understood. On the 27th of October, 1851, the first converts to the Church, Mr. Malan, many of whose descendants now live in Weber county, presented himself for baptism.

In the next three or four years a number of families were baptized among them the Cardons, the Chandlers, the Rostan, the Bertoch, the Gardiols and the Stadlers. President Snow writes that every man held a creed which had "been transmitted from sire to son for a thousand years, whether he be Protestant or Catholic, and when he will lay his hand on his heart, and swear by the faith of his forefathers that he will live and die as they have lived and died."

Jean Pierre Stadler and his wife, Marie Gaudin (Stadler), were living in 1850 on the south slope of one of those Alpine valleys at Pramoran. Both belonged to old Waldois families. At Angrogne (the home of Pierre Stadler before moving to Pramoran), where the records still exist, reside the same Stadler in 1750. One of their ancestors as well as one of their generals bore the name Gaudin. They had been baptized in 1853 or 1854. They lived from the cheesemaking, grapes, figs and olive fruits they cultivated, together with the products of their few sheep and goats and the culture of the silkworms.

Margaret, their youngest daughter, relates that with the success of the elders, opposition grew. Says she: "The property of the Saints was frequently destroyed as stones, sometimes stones and bricks were thrown. In November, 1855, President Franklin D. Richards and two others came to the house. They were hailing from the mill and asked for something to eat. Sweene (a sister) milked enough goat's milk for them to drink, and mother set bread, butter and cheese on the table. When they were ready to leave, Franklin D. Richards told mother the family should go to Utah. Mother thanked him for his good will, but she had no hopes of it. There was much bitterness, she told us, and it was impossible to dispose of our property, even our wheat was stolen.

"Two weeks later father and mother received a letter from President Richards telling them not to try to sell anything but to be ready to leave. They left Liverpool and Zion. On December

wrapped in a sheet and placed in it between two layers of sage brush. He died on the Platte, August 17, and we reached Salt Lake September 26, 1856."

On arriving in Salt Lake, the problem for the widow and her four children was again an unusually difficult one, aggravated further by the language handicap. Alfred Randall took Mary into his family, and Susette, the eldest daughter, went to work for someone else. Philip Cardon and Paul Cardon had come to meet them, and two days after their arrival in Salt Lake, Margaret (my mother) says: "Mother, Daniel and I went with the Cardons to Ogden, to Bingham's Fort. We dug a dug-out to live in. The roof of the dug-out was made of willows with cat-tails on top and then dirt. The dirt floor was covered every Saturday with fresh straw when we could get it. We had no furniture, but for a bed and a seat forked sticks were put in the wall and in the dirt floor, and rushes were woven in between and covered with straw. In place of glass for a window, a piece of cloth was used.

"It was the year following the hard times. Grain was plentiful in the fields and we went immediately to gleaning wheat and gleaned enough for the winter's bread. Mother knew how to spin and weave in the old country. I gathered sun-flowers and burned them, holding them up in my hand, one at a time, so mother could see to spin at night.

"We were here a little more than a year until the spring of the next year when we went with the 'Move' as far south as Spanish Fork. On the way back, mother stopped at Kaysville and gleaned wheat. A family had some cows and gave mother milk. To do something for it mother milked their cows. As cold weather approached, we returned to Ogden and lived on what is now Madison Avenue and twenty-seventh street. At that time there was a hollow and a stream in it at this point. I was baptized in this stream."

After one or two years on Ogden bench, Mrs. Stalle moved to Logan to be near the Ballifs and the Cardons who had gone there to live. Two or three years later, she married Grandfather Cardon, and Margaret came back to Ogden to live with her sister Mary, (Mrs. Elihu Warren) who had married and was living there.

Four years later Margaret married Henry Barker. They lived together fifty years on the old Rice farm, or until the time of father's death. Here they had a large family to whom they were able to give a good education. They sent all their sons on missions, three at one time. Mother taught all of her children to read before they were old enough to go to school. She now lives with her daughter, Mrs. I. L. Richards, in Mound Fort, Ogden.

By Gladys Stewart Bennion

Yellowed with years, and musty,
A bit of rare old lace!
Nobody knew its history,
Nor had found its hiding place.

'Til deep in the darkest corner
Of a battened oaken chest,
Wrapped in a silken kerchief,
It had secretly taken rest.

Among sassafras and lavender,
And daguerreotype of old,
This tiny scrap of ancient lace
Had a story to unfold.

Great-great-grandmother, now a memory,
Had silently laid it there,
With dreams and reminiscences,
With heart aches and with prayer.

She had journeyed from her England,
To that land of the pilgrim band,
Enduring all the hardships
Of sailing-boat, and land.

Later her daughter had traveled
By ox team and hand cart, too,
Across the burning desert,
And the plains where the blue sage grew.

Times had been hard on the desert,
Over segos they said their grace,
So she gave in return for a pan of shorts
This piece of rare old lace.

She dreamed, as she turned it over
For grain to make them bread;
But silent tears on her lashes,
Were the only words she said.

The man had a sense of pity,
A heart not wholly cold,
So he snipped in two the bit of lace,
And handed it back unrolled.

Take this, as a memory, will you?
He gazed at the wrinkled face,
And placed in the hand of the lady
Half of that rare old lace,

A trimming, perhaps, for a garment,
A baby's frock to grace,
So she's cherished in eager longing
This remannt of rare old lace.

Folded it up long years ago,
And with tears had tucked it away;
Until we had opened that sacred chest
It had lain as she wished it to stay.

Some people laugh at the memories
That cling, though the centuries roll,
But some there are who yet believe
That old lace has a soul.

HANNAH NESLEN SHARP

Reminiscences of Mrs. John Sharp

Ramona Wilcox Cannon

When Sister Hannah Neslen Sharp was left a widow at the age of seventy, she prayed that she might retain an unclouded memory throughout the remaining years of her life. If happiness were to be her portion, the past must be hers to command as readily as the present, for her past was rich in cherished experiences with her parents, brothers and sisters and friends—but particularly with her husband, with whom she had lived an idyllic life for forty-eight years. Whether in tent, log-house, or adobe rooms, or in the mansion which they later built, they two, together, says Sister Sharp, were capable of making a heaven on this earth.

One has only to know Sister Sharp to realize that her prayer has been granted. She now lacks a month of being eighty-two, and her memory is remarkable; her recollection of childhood events and scenes, of names, dates, ages, is almost instantaneous. She could always remember a melody from once hearing it, and she can now sing the words of every song she has learned since she was five. We are not likely to hear in her conversation, "Well, now, let me see!" or "Was it so and so?" or, "Such and such?" When she speaks there is a gratifying clearness and precision of both thought and diction. Her memory-stream runs

smooth and unobstructed, and contains a wealth of vivid details which she sprinkles with dashes of humor as she narrates them. Dr. Joseph Richards once said to her, "You'll be making jokes the day you die, Aunt Hannah." Every occasion present or past, serious or glad, is likely to give rise to one of her sprightly sallies.

"Why did you cut off your pretty hair?" demanded Sister Sharp the other day of a middle-aged woman.

"Because it *wasn't* pretty any more," replied the shorn one.

"Well, it was as pretty as it'll ever be again," pronounced Sister Sharp.

Recently Sister Sharp received a gift of a silk umbrella. At a party someone was admiring the large gold ring attached to the handle of it. "How pretty!" exclaimed the woman.

"Yes, it's too pretty for an umbrella. I'm thinking of using it for a bracelet," came the quick response.

When invited to a luncheon the other day, she accepted thus: "Well, I've no white dress and blue sash to do up, but if the cholera infantum dosen't get me before Saturday, you'll see me there."

Sister Sharp, who by adoption has become "Aunt Hannah" to a great number of her younger admirers, believes that cheerfulness almost amounts to an ethical principle. "I never go to see sick people unless I am well enough to cheer them up," she says.

Hannah Neslen was born at Lowestoft in Suffolk, England, in the year 1844, on June 1, "Brother Brigham's birthday," as she was often reminded. She was the seventh daughter and twelfth child of Brother Samuel Neslen and Sister Eunice Frances Neslen. It is her testimony that she had one of the best fathers and one of the best mothers who ever lived. Her father was very religious by temperament. Seeking a complete satisfaction in spiritual matters, he had joined one denomination after another. When he first heard the principles of "Mormonism," he felt that at last he had found what he had been desiring. His wife thought, "Dear me, another one!" and declined to accept his conversion seriously. He, however, remained faithful to the gospel during the remainder of his life—more than forty years. Less than two years after his baptism, his wife also joined the Latter-day Saints. At eight, Hannah was baptized along with her brother, Robert, the father of the present Mayor of Salt Lake City. Some months later, the parents with their nine living children left England to come to Utah. They took passage on the sailing vessel, *Golconda,* under the direction of Captain Hall. (No memory-searching to capture those names!) For eight weeks they sailed on the little boat, tossed most of the time by a rough and relentless sea. Brother Neslen, being well-off financially, was able to obtain first

cabins, but no part of the boat could be called comfortable.

Brother Claudius V. Spencer was President of the company. Every Wednesday night the Saints met in the sterrage to hold a prayer meeting. "Every time I hear thunder," says Aunt Hannah, "I think of the storm we had one of those Wednesday nights." The vessel was pitching terribly. The waves were so high they were dashing over the decks. All port-holes had to be locked. Everything on the tables crashed over the edges to the

HANNAH NESLEN SHARP AT 17

floor. Above the table the chandelier was swinging from side to side. All the passengers were stricken with terror. "I want mother," cried little Hannah; but her parents were at meeting in the steerage. She and Elizabeth went to their cabin, where the mate locked them in, saying, "Don't be frightened, everything will

be all right." All the Saints who were in meeting were locked in the steerage. The Captain, fearing a panic, kept the decks clear to avoid unnecessary casualties. "I remember clinging to Elizabeth and thinking, 'If the Lord does take us to the bottom of the sea, I'll be holding tight to sister.'" says Aunt Hannah. Suddenly there was a terrific noise and lurching. Three masts—the main one in the middle, and the shorter one on each end, where the rigging was attached—had been snapped off by the gale, and had crashed down on the top deck. The children learned afterwards what was happening in the steerage. The people were in a panic, the women screaming and fainting and praying. At the other end of the steerage were many Irish Catholics, who screamed and called on the Virgin and told their beads with prayers. Among the Saints, President Spencer was trying to take command and call the people to order. "If you will give your attention"—"If you will give your attention"—his voice grew more and more stern—"If you will give your attention, we will call upon the Lord, who is the only power that can save us in this peril." At length they grew more calm, and concentrated their minds on prayer. Immediately the fury of the storm began to abate, and before long the cabins were unlocked. The Neslens hurried to their little girls, and said, "Now, don't cry any more, dears. The Lord will take care of us." The Captain commented later, "I don't know what could have saved us! I never dreamed after the masts went down, that we would see the sun rise again. Never in the history of sailing have I heard of such an escape. I do believe we owe our lives to the prayers of those 'Mormons.'"

The sea was rough and stormy most of the way. Sister Sharp remembers how nearly every one was ill. One day she had stayed in the cabins most of the time, making herself useful to the different members of her family, who were all confined to bed. Wearied at length, she went out, and finding the deck deserted, approached the Captain's bridge. He was looking through the telescope. When he saw her, he said, "Come along, little sailor. You're about the only person I've seen aboard today."

"Well, I'm tired of 'passing the can,'" confided the little girl.

The *Colconda* stopped at New Orleans, where the wharfs were piled high with cotton bales. The method of landing was curious. A line of small boards, with ladders stretched from one to the other, extended from the *Golconda* to the shore. Across these Brother Neslen led his wife by the hand; while little Hannah climbed on the back of a sailor, who crawled across with her.

The family sailed up the broad Mississippi in a steam-boat. "What a noise it made!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah. At one point they landed to see a black "mammy" a hundred and twenty years

old. The steamer was taking on coal, so they had a little while to observe her. "I can see her now, sitting in a big arm chair. She looked so tired and feeble, and she was all wrinkled like a mummy. She lived by the contributions of sight-seers; so we each paid our picayune, (a term used in the South for ten cents), and then we got aboard again."

On this river trip, little Hannah contracted what was really typhoid fever, but at the time was called mountain fever. She was ill for many weeks. For some distance on the journey across the plains, the child was unable to walk.

In St. Louis, the family rented a house for some weeks and rested, in preparation for the westward trek. Hannah, one day, heard the Saints singing at the funeral of a little girl who had died of the fever. She wept, thinking that next they would be singing at services for herself. "You are not going to die," said her mother. "In England I was blest and promised that I and every member of my family should reach Zion alive. That promise will be fulfilled."

At or near where Omaha stands now, the family made their final preparations for crossing the plains. They bought oxen which they broke to the yoke, and two cows which they named Betty and Dolly. They packed the prairie-schooner, and made their valiant start with the rest of the company. The cows trailed at the rear of the long procession, herded all the way by two men, and guarded at night by an acting sentry. Herding the cows was rather lonely business, and one day, Hannah's older sister, Elizabeth, with two companions, went back to keep the herdsmen company. The Saints came to a river which they forded with their teams, continuing their journey with never a thought of the three girls they had left behind them. The herdsmen had one horse with them which one of them used to carry Elizabeth's two companions across, one at a time. But she, possessed of a dauntless spirit, pulled off her shoes and stockings, tucked them in her pockets, got astride Betty, her pet cow, and holding tight to her neck plunged into the stream. Fortunately she arrived safely on the other side.

There were Indians and buffalo, sickness, births and deaths, as they crossed the plains. Sister Neslen had a natural gift for nursing, which was put to frequent use on the long journey. She cared for one woman who had picked up a loaded gun and lacerated her hand and fingers. The doctor at Fort Bridger said when he saw the hand, "I couldn't have taken better care of it myself."

At Wood River a terrible storm came up, and Hannah's mother was not in their camp. "I want mama. Where's mama?" questioned the child, through the night. In the morning Sister

Neslen came in, serene and gentle, and answered the query. "Why, I stayed with Sister Dye last night, dearie, and do you know the angels sent her a little baby boy." Then, on with the march!

The family arrived in Zion in September, 1853, little Hannah being nine years of age. They lived in a log cabin while her father was building an eight-room adobe house on the lot where he Harkness home now stands. That location seemed almost like the surburbs to the Pioneers. But President Young advised Brother Neslen to make his home there, and remarked tersely, "In ten years you won't ask me why." His vision was prophetic, as always.

The first year the children went to school in the one adobe room on Brigham Street which served as the 18th ward meeting house. "Old Lady Lockley" was the teacher, "and how she ever did it, I don't know," comments Aunt Hannah. "The students were all ages from five to thirty, and used anything that came to hand for text-books: Mitchell's Geography and Smith's Geography, and plenty of other kinds. And then there was a huge atlas, too, that we all used."

About that time the Snow Academy (which later became the Clawson home) was dedicated, Lorenzo Snow being president, with Brother Eddington and Brother Cornaby as his assistants. Brother Cornaby was in charge of the girls whose quarters were up stairs, and down stairs Brother Eddington had the boys under his tutelage. Every three months the school had an afternoon entertainment, and little Hannah was, upon one occasion, formally addressed as Miss Neslen and invited to recite at one of these functions. There, for the first time, her future husband, Brother John Sharp, saw her—quite unbeknown to her—and loved her. She did so well on this occasion that she was invited to recite before "Brother Brigham" and all the Church dignitaries at a big social meeting of the Polysophical Society, which was to be held in the old social hall. She was rather terrified at the thought, but "I remember it would mean a new dress, so I said I would speak to mother about it," confesses delightful Aunt Hannah. "I got the new dress—a white one with a blue sash—and many nights I lay awake practicing 'The Drunkard's Child,' for fear I might forget parts of it."

When the great occasion arrived, the hall was soon filled to overflowing, and many had to be turned away. The program lasted for some hours; and then there was a recess: then more program. No one thought to call upon the child early, so that, when her turn came, she was awakened from a sound sleep—her head pillowed on her neighbor's arm—by hearing her own name called. Dazedly she recollected that she was to recite "The Drunkard's Child," and in a moment was on her feet bowing to President

Young and other authorities. She finished her long selection without missing a word or a gesture, turning her dark brown eyes to heaven and pleading with her hands. As she completed the last lines:

"Amongst millions of earth, not one friend can I claim,
To wipe off my tears or to call me by name.
On my cold bed of straw, I will lie down and die,
And my prison-filled soul will ascend upon high,
When Jesus in accents of mercy so mild
Will comfort forever the poor drunkard's child."

There was a storm of applause that sent her scurrying to her mother. She was so frightened that she buried her head in Sister Neslen's lap: nor could either the applause, or her mother's persuasion, prevail upon the child to come out and give an encore, or even a bow.

For the sake of those who could not gain admittance that night, the Polysophical Society planned to repeat the program the next evening. Little Miss Neslen, feeling unequal to the strain of "The Drunkard's Child," favored the audience with "The Children's Wishes." That day an overwhelming honor was conferred upon the gifted child. She was quite formally presented with an honorary membership in the famous Polysophical Society.

The following year, at eleven, Hannah attended the Snow Academy. There she saw her husband for the first time. "I used to think, 'What a nice, quiet boy!' " confides Aunt Hannah. "Of course, we were in love with each other, but we didn't know it was love then."

Aunt Hannah gives us a picture of the Brigham Young household, which is in a different spirit from that which Werner paints. She was a friend of "Brigham Young's ten girls" (Carley, Emily, Mary, Fanny, Rye, Ella,, Rindy, Nettie, Ziny and Evy) and frequently visited them at the Lion House. President Young had the "Eighteenth ward square," and in fact a goodly portion of the Eighteenth ward planted in gardens. There were acres of peas and acres of strawberries. Upon occasion, President Young indulgently gave his children and their friends free rein in the strawberry patch, where Sister Sharp remembers having a veritable feast. She was visiting the children that Aunt Zina was rearing. As a rule all the families had dinner together in the big dining room in the basement of the Lion House, but on this occasion the children had supper in Aunt Zina's apartment. Afterwards they were grouped about the piano, singing, in the big parlor, when President Young entered. He greeted them very kindly and visited informally with them while the

other members of the family were gathering for prayers. Promptly at eight o'clock President Young said, "Will someone please close the door," Then the entire household knelt in prayer. Afterwards there was delightful visiting and perhaps music. "There was a wonderful spirit in that home," says Aunt Hannah. "President Young was kind and loving. He went out of his way to be nice to children, and was very hospitable. He used to drive about town in his little one-seated buggy, drawn by one horse. He carried a spirit of cheer around with him. I once saw him get out of the buggy to speak to a cripple. He laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, 'God bless you and make you well'— Ay, we were all like one big family in those days, and we loved Brother Brigham. He was not only a man of God—he was a perfect gentleman, abroad and at home."

Sister Sharp recalls going to an unusual meeting in the old Eighteenth ward adobe hall. There was no pulpit; the speakers stood behind a cane-bottomed chair. At this testimony meeting, Sister Whitney, Sister Eliza Snow, and Sister Zina Young were sitting side by side on the front row. Suddenly Sister Young rose and began singing very sweetly in tongues. In a moment Sister Snow and Sister Whitney were also on their feet, singing in perfect unison with Sister Young. The interpretation was one of the songs of Zion.

Zion was growing rapidly at this time. Brother Neslen, like many other converts, spent thousands of dollars in emigrating families to Zion. His own children were growing up and marrying, and Hannah and John now "knew that it was love" and became engaged when the young girl was seventeen. At nineteen she was making rag carpets and other trousseau articles, preparatory to her wedding, when her young man was called on a mission. Then Hannah, like many another plucky woman, had to bear the loneliness of a two-year parting from her loved one.

Lake Lillian

Coral J. Black

Hidden safely in the mountains—
Mountains old and famed in story—
Lies a gem encircled mirror
Full of rare and mystic beauty;
Where the rainbow, bent and laden
With it's pots of precious metal,
Comes to rest here, here 'mid the silence,
Safely guarded by the elf-folks,
Lies the queen of fairy waters.

Morning

Morning dawns with eyes of gladness
Gliding softly hither, thither;
Touching with her rosy fingers
Every leaf and bud and flower;
Stirs to life the drowsy insects;
Wakes the birds and bids them carol;
Shakes a thousand sparkling dewdrops
From the dainty fluttering aspens;
Binds a crown of gleaming jewels
On the head of each tall mountain;
Leaps across the shining water,
Casting shadows, light and shadows,
Dainty patterns, wrought with cunning,
Silver filagree and laces;
Bends above the Magic Mirror,
Sees her beauty there reflected,
In the calm and placid water;
Turns her rogueish face and beckons,
Beckons to the solemn Noon-day,
Tempts him with her honeyed kisses,
Tempts, then flies into the forest.

Noon-day

Noon-day silence fills the mountains,
Mountains rising grim and hoary,
Filled with grandeur, still and solemn,
Filled with majesty most awful,
Handwork of the great Creator.
Not a note of bird is thrilling,
Not a leaf or bough is stirring.
Royal blue the sky bends o'er them,
Molten gold the lake below it
As the sun's unrivalled splendor
Is from out its depths reflected,
Now across the lake's still bosom
Stealing slowly like a spectre—
He who bears the mighty sickle—
Comes a shadow from the summit,
Grimly marks the passing hours,
Hours passing, passing, passing
To the tomb of time eternal,
Marks them well, then steals as silent
Deep into the mountain fastness.

Evening

So the coming of the evening,
Evening full of quiet yearning.
Purple shadows lengthen slowly,
Lose themselves in copse and thicket,
Tender blues, soft grays entrancing,
Fade, as swiftly comes the gloaming;
Through the pines the night winds whisper;
Sleepy night-call of the birdlings;
Over all the brooding darkness,
High above the peaks, ascending,
Comes the full moon pale and lovely
Greets her sister of the waters,
Round and fair, her smile returning,
Darkling night doth now caress thee
Wasatch Mother's arms enfold thee,
Rest in peace and virgin beauty
Lillian, queen of fairy waters.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS - - - - - - President
MRS. JENNIE BRIMHALL KNIGHT - - - - - First Counselor
MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - Second Counselor
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

Mrs. Emma A. Empey
Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde
Miss Sarah M. McLelland
Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon
Mrs. Lalene H. Hart
Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter
Mrs. Julia A. Child
Mrs. Cora L. Bennion
Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund
Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans
Mrs. Ethel Reynolds Smith
Mrs. Barbara Howell Richards
Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine
Miss Alice Louise Reynolds
Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford
Mrs. Elsie B. Alder

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, Music Director
Miss Edna Coray, Organist

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS
Associate Editor - - - - - - ALICE LOUISE REYNOLDS
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - AMY BROWN LYMAN

Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIII JULY, 1926 No. 7

EDITORIAL

The Sesqui-Centennial

Fifty years ago an exhibition was held in the city of Philadelphia, commemorating the centennial of the Declaration of Independence. Philadelphia is the home of Independence Hall and of the Betsy Ross cottage where the first U. S. flag was made. It is today the seat of an exposition celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

Since the Centennial Exhibition great, even marvelous changes have taken place in the United States. The union has solidified; it has overcome in surprising manner, many, if not all, of the effects of the Civil War. It has entered on a period of material progress that staggers the imagination. "The United States is the wealthiest nation the world has ever seen," says Dr. Snedden of Columbia University.

The exposition at Philadelphia will include a very different

exhibit to that which was made fifty years ago. Through a beneficient Providence and superb effort on the part of persons gifted in scientific lines, many notable contributions have been made to life, and fortunately for women, these contributions are conspicuous in that part of life we designate as "home life." Whatever knowledge was possessed in 1876 in relation to electricity, the home had not benefitted greatly by that knowledge. Since that time lighting by electricity has become common in the home, as has the telephone, and the use of electricity for cooking, washing and ironing. All the industries have benefitted through the practical application of electricity; and even the field of medicine has been invaded.

Great personalities in any line of endeavor contribute to the advancement of life. In the fifty years that we have just lived we have had great leaders in the political field, such as Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson. To think of invention is to bring to mind the name of Thomas Edison, responsible for much of our efficient lighting, and for the fact that our homes can be flooded with the best music by the best artists of the world. Henry Ford, a captain of industry, who has taught and is yet teaching the world what can be done in the way of industrial cooperation, has been able, while serving the world with the product of his manufacturing establishment, to pay a respectable living wage. There have been great teachers, great preachers, great writers and great artists in the United States in the past, which is immediately behind us, yet there is much to do in the spiriutal realm in this great nation of ours.

Much as there is to rejoice over in reviewing the fifty years that are now passing into history, there are some things that are a source of the deepest humiliation to us, and need our greatest care to correct. for instance, Agnes Repplier has said in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*—"To lead the world in crime should be a source of legitimate humiliation. President Coolidge called the attention of the State Governors last January to the fact that twenty-four thousand persons had met their deaths by highway fatalities within twelve months. He said it was too many for one country in one year, and he was right. Yet twenty-four thousands deaths by accidents—some of which were unavoidable—are less appalling than eleven thousand deaths by violence in the same length of time. * * * In 1923, Scotland, with a population of five millions, had only eleven murders, while Massachusetts with a population of four millions, could boast of one hundred and seven."

The unsightly places in the United States are daily becoming more beautiful. There is evidence of civic pride in most of the cities of our land. Flowers and trees are abundant in many parts.

As we seek to turn this land of ours into a veritable paradise, we must efface the ugly spots that mar the moral and the spiritual, even as we blot out through persistent labor, the unattractive places in our path.

Mrs. Margaret Stalle Barker, a Pioneer from the Italian Alps

We are particularly grateful to present in this issue an exceptionally interesting account of pioneer experience in reaching the valleys of the mountains, and in building the great West. Few stories, we feel, can be more truly touching, instructive and faith-promoting than the story of Maragret Stalle Barker, a little tot of five years, who remembers the incidents of the journey in a most extraordinary manner.

Her story is altogether unique, and her background most unusual. Even today it takes a long while to penetrate the fastness of the Italian mountains, so that the wonder grows that under any circumstances these people should have been sought out by "Mormon" elders at so early a date as 1850. That they were worthy of the visits they received, no one will doubt, for they, with their ancestors, had protested against the tenets of Roman Catholicism and the over-lordship of the Pope at a time when to resist his power meant certain suffering and often death.

The courage of these people commands our intensest admiration, for to add to the travail of centuries they began a long weary march across the plains. Nor was their privation and physical suffering their only trouble. The fact that they could not communicate with the people with whom they were surrounded brought its hardship, while the death of their father on the plains must have filled their cup of sadness to overflowing. No wonder the father was led to prophetic utterance before his death, and no wonder the Lord has seen fit to bless the posterity of this union so that they stand before Zion today prominent in the Church and particularly prominent in the field of education. We cannot help feeling that it would have softened the hours of greatest inconvenience resulting from a difference in language, could they have known that among their posterity would be one who is making a linguistic contribution to the Church as well as to the Nation. One who is eager to have others appreciate the language that served those men of might and women of power who struggled for their religious ideals far away in the tops of the Italian Alps.

Emily Young Clawson

A Pioneer Favorite of the Stage

Lula Greene Richards

In the early days of the Salt Lake theatre, to the masses of people who frequented that famous place of amusement, it was a source of delight to find in the cast of characters the pleasing name of "Miss Emily Young." Even if that engaging young lady appeared only as a serving maid, with little or nothing to say, her graceful form and beautiful face were so good to look at that happy inspirational thoughts were awakened by simply beholding her.

Emily was not in any sense or at any time a great talker. In fact one remembered stage speech of hers (in a certain role where the unpretentious sentiment expressed was singularly appropriate) was considered so remarkably characteristic of the girl's truly modest and retiring nature that it could not easily be forgotten. That line was the old familiar quotation—"Speech is silver, but silence is gold." The quality of reticence which Emily inherited was from her excellent mother Emily Partridge Young. It is too well known to need demonstration here that her father *could talk.*

Emily Young played in the Salt Lake theatre when Julia Dean Haine was starring here, and was a great favorite with that renowned actress. Asenath Adams, the mother of Maud, was a stage companion and great admirer of the beautiful Emily. President Brigham Young, in various ways gave evidence of his appreciation of and commendable pride in the gifts and accomplishments of this his almost faultless daughter.

That Bishop Hyrum B. Clawson, a man of sterling qualities, who was for many years stage manager of the Salt Lake Theatre, courted and won Emily Young for his wife, was not at all surprizing. They were married in the old Endowment House, January 4, 1868, and became the happy parents of ten children, four sons and six daughters.

This pioneer theatrical performer was not only blest with ability, and the fine appearance which enabled her to personate the ideal lady to perfection, but it was her nature to live the truly noble life of a conscientious, faithful woman as daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, mother-in-law and friend. Perhaps this phase of her character could not be better illustrated than by the introduction of sentiments expressed in a recent letter by one of her missionary grandsons, Stewart Clawson Campbell, away in

far off Dresden, Germany. The young man's letter was written just after news had reached him of his grandmother's death, and it is through the courtesy of his mother that we publish a few sentences from the letter.

"I feel grandmother's loss deeply, and am very sad to know that her work on this side is finished, and that she has passed on to the great beyond. She has always meant a great deal to me, was an inspiration to me in my childhood, and a help to me in my

MRS. EMILY YOUNG CLAWSON

youth. Many happy hours I have spent at her home with my cousins—she always had something in the kitchen for us to eat, always greeted us with a smile in her own congenial, helpful way. Then, when I was a little older, what happy visits I had with her. And last of all when I said good-bye to her just before leaving for my mission—her tender kiss and wise words! I have always been proud of my grandmother, and have held her up to my friends as an example. We may forget her exact words, but the influence of her life we can never get away from. All

the beautiful qualities, the parts of character that go together and make up and round out the person into the angel and God one is to become, were not just a Sunday dress with grandmother, but were born with her and strengthened and developed by right living in service to her fellows and God. And although she lives no longer in the flesh, she still lives in her influence and in her children and grandchildren. That is why I am proud of my grandmother."

Strict obedience and due respect and reverence for legitimate authority were prominent among the high principles Emily held to in the training of her children and herself. See served faithfully as a visiting Relief Society teacher in her ward.

After the dedication of the Salt Lake temple much of Sister Clawson's time was there devoted to the redemption of the dead. She was a real Latter-day Saint.

During two or three years just previous to her death she passed through much physical suffering, but with it all her calm endurance, sweet patience and angelic resignation and cheerfulness made it a comfort instead of a trial to her loved ones to be near her.

Emily Young Clawson was born in Salt Lake City in "the log row" on the property where the Church Office building now stands. She lived to the good age of seventy-seven years, her birth occurring March 1, 1849, and her death March 19, 1926.

"A long and bright career on earth, almost devoid of strife—
Her exit, but a joyous passing into higher life."

DR. MARGARET C. ROBERTS

Dr. Margaret C. Roberts

A Tribute

Annie Wells Cannon

Utah has lost one of her most brilliant and useful women in the passing of Doctor Margaret C. Roberts, whose death occurred from an acute attack of pneumonia, March 13, of this year in New York City. She will be sadly missed from a large circle of acquaintances and deeply mourned by those who knew and loved her; yet the influence of her tender ministrations among them will radiate through the years to come, holding her ever in fond remembrance.

Leadership and individuality were strongly evidenced in the character of Doctor Roberts from early childhood. These attributes, added to a natural beauty and an attractive personality made her always an outstanding figure in whatever group she happened to mingle. Since such would inevitably seek expression

in some line of public endeavor, "Doctor Maggie," as her intimates loved to call her, chose the science of medicine as the profession through which she might render the greatest service. She graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania in the spring of 1882, and immediately on her return home entered into practice, becoming in a short time one of the most successful and efficient physicians in the community. Early in her practice she was impressed by the lack of knowledge among her patients and others concerning personal hygiene and the necessary sanitary methods for good health and proper living; and so she undertook a course of lectures not only in her own immediate community but throughout the various sections of the country imparting instruction and sounding warning upon this most necessary subject.

In this work she discovered that the art of teaching was an inherent bent of her nature, and so she organized classes in nursing and obstetrics. But all this work, fine though it was, left her still far from the goal of her ambition: more and more she sensed the need of nurses for the poor, and of knowledge for the uninformed, and so she conceived, in her bright and active mind, when almost at the peak of a profession which promised all that usually implies worldly success, the idea of training nurses for the indigent and those in moderate circumstances, in order that motherhood might not be discouraged and that proper care and help might be given those who most needed it; that lives of women and babies might not be needlessly endangered, or, as sometimes happens, sacrificed; that unnecessary suffering might be avoided, the cruel hours of trial and travail made less hazardous, but met with at least some degree of confidence and fortitude. Seeking for the medium through which to work out these splendid plans, she naturally turned to the Relief Society, under whose supervision she knew the women could be found to receive the training and assist her to realize the consummation of her broad vision and ardent desires. So with the help of the Salt Lake stake Relief Society, then under the leadership of Sister M. Isabella Horne, who at once perceived that a long perturbed but indefinite problem was now to be solved, the Relief Society Nurse Class was started, a piece of constructive philanthropy, unsurpassed, if not indeed unequalled, in the annals of woman's work, and the benefits of which cannot be estimated, much less enumerated.

The offering of her talents, her time and her acquirements, without compensation, that women might be properly trained to care intelligently for the sick, meant no little sacrifice on the part of Doctor Roberts, but it was made with sincerity and enthusiasm. The first class numbered nearly one hundred; others followed year

by year until there was in existence a veritable army of women qualified to alleviate suffering wherever found, having contracted in exchange for the instruction they had received to go among the poor and give service for such meagre renumeration as could be spared without improverishing the family, or for none whatever, if conditions so demanded. After about three years this Nurse Class came under the supervision of the General Board of the Relief Society instead of the Salt Lake stake, as it was deemed advisable to invite women from the outside counties to take the traniing, and thus extend the benefits throughout the different settlements. With increased facilities and more financial assistance the class was now placed on a more systematic and efficient basis. The requirements of applicants were raised to a higher standard, and the work was generally broadened and improved. With Doctor Roberts as instructor the classes were maintained for several years, and today throughout the different stakes of Zion are scores of women who bless her name for the opportunity given them under her training to acquire knowledge along such vital lines. Not all of her students, perhaps comparatively few, have continued in the nursing profession; but the great majority of the others have taken on themselves the joys and responsibilities of home and motherhood; all, however, acknowledge the lasting benefit received under her instruction, and remember her kindly services with gratitude and love.

Perhaps after all the closest friends of Doctor Maggie will remember her less as a professional woman than as a delightful companion in social and cultural pursuits. She was a charter member of the Authors Club and the founder of the Friendship Circle, both organized for the purpose of study and interest along intellectual lines, and both holding, as a gualification of membership, the desire for culture of mind rather than that for fashionable relaxation or social pleasure.

With her taste and acquirements her last years, spent in the refined and congenial atmosphere of the mission home in Brooklyn, with opportunity for travel among the large Eastern cities, must have been in high degree welcomed and appreciated, and the enjoyment of these opportunities in life's mellow and ripened period seems in truth a well earned and fitting reward to one who had so fully and bounteously given to others.

We Tread the Dust

Ellen L. Jakeman

John Albert and Mary-Lou stood rather far apart and looked at each other.

So love's young dream was over! After being engaged for more than two years, they were parting forever! If not in hate and wrath, at least in sorrow not unmixed with bitterness.

She was a splendid young woman, and he was an exemplary young man with no bad habits of the catalogued variety. He had been on a two-year's mission, and had gone into it with his soul. He had learned a foreign language, read intensively, had expanded spiritually and labored excessively. Undoubtedly he had grown in all directions—morally, mentally and even physically; for he had accepted the mission when he was at the formative age, and had been true to it and himself in every particular. So true, in fact, that he had failed in some degree to keep in close harmony with his home, mother and promised wife.

Mary-Lou had missed him terribly when he went, had nerved herself to bear her share of love deferred, of loneliness and waiting, with none of the piquancy of applause or stimulant of new scenes, none of the gravity of important labors to steady and help her; but she had performed her task bravely and cheerfully.

In a few words, they had grown apart. They no longer understood each other.

Of course, he should—his life enriched by his mission—have slipped back into the ranks of a "laboring and producing" citizen, as a discharged soldier is supposed to do. But, no! He had brought his zeal to instruct, admonish and improve home with him, and began using Mary-Lou as material convenient and maleable for his labors. His mother while very proud of the work he had accomplished on his mission, of the letters he had written to the bishop of the ward, and his public utterances, received more instruction from him than she really relished. The younger children got so that they just faded out when ever he put in an appearance.

At first Mary-Lou had listened almost worshipfully, for her love made him, in a manner speaking, both priest and prince to her. When he accused her of being light-minded, she tried to be serious, but she was so happy, so young and healthy, that the dimples just would run round the corners of her sweet mouth in spite of her. When she demurred at attending three meetings on Sunday, and more than three through the week, he would look at her sorrowfully and shaking his head would remark that he greatly feared she was not *very* spiritualminded.

And so it went; and while they had had no real disagreement before, their mutual irritation had reached a point when talk between them, if they chanced to be alone, was reaching the vanishing point.

Some of the young folks had decided that instead of attending a cut-and-dried twenty-fourth-of-July celebration in town, they would take a picnic and go into the woods for the day.

Mary-Lou, without knowing what to call it, was an ardent lover of nature, and felt in every fiber of her being that the beautiful semi-solitudes were really temples of God; and with some of her old enthusiasm and frankness she gaily informed John Albert of the proposed trip which was to include them, to be met with uplifted brows and questioning looks of disapproval.

"What? Are you among those who disobey counsel? You heard what the bishop said last Sunday. He wanted no one to go picnicking this year. Wanted all of us at the celebration of Pioneer day. I am surprised! No one knows better than you, Mary-Lou, having labored in the Church organizations, that to make a success of any kind of a public function, it requires all of us to 'Put our shoulder to the wheel.' I shall not go."

Mary-Lou's face flushed.

"I'm not so conceited as to think the success or failing of anything depends on me. If my friends will take me unescorted, I'll go, whether you do or not!"

John Albert was astonished and he was angry. He felt that he just must make her mind him now or probably she never would. At all cost he must make her yield; so he said with bitter deliberation: "Perhaps some of the gentlemen who took you to parties while I was gone will escort you!"

And so these two who dearly loved each other, with the vast and understanding love born of a knowledge of what marriage, true marriage means, stood apart and looked at each other.

Mary-Lou's flushed face grew slowly pale, and John Albert would have recalled his words had it been possible, for his heart misgave him. The girl slowly drew off her engagement ring and dropped it in the dust at his feet, and with one sob of anguish she could not suppress, she fled.

In their hot anger and desperately wounded love, they had both overlooked the vital reason that the wise and fatherly old bishop had for asking that none of his flock go into the woods for pleasure, as lambs among wolves; for while Indians were not so numerous or dangerous as they had been, certain disquieting rumors had reached him, and he wanted no risks taken.

John Albert knew from exeperience that it was dangerous to disobey counsel, and Mary-Lou had accepted the theory, but for the moment it was forgotten, and she went ahead and made her

preparations, and before the sun was up, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of July, was on her way with her young companions, to the chosen picnic grounds, though she felt in her heart that she would not enjoy a moment of the day.

There are thousands of beauty nooks like the one they camped by, in our rugged Wasatch hills.

A little pond of a lake there was caught in a depression, and fed by many little trickling, singing streams of sweet water, gurgling and laughing joyously as they go; while mighty phalanxes of dark, mysterious saw-timber marched to the very brink of the water, and seemed to be whispering grave warnings across.

Camp was made on a grassy flat, in the shade of odorous cedar trees; the gentle old horses were turned out to graze and willow traps made and placed where the streams and lakelet met, —the makers hoping an unwary trout might be caught.

The spirit of worship fell upon these grown-up-children. They sang:

"Earth with her ten thousands flowers;" "For the Strength of the hills we bless thee," and followed with "O my Father, thou that dwellest," their fresh young voices making vibrant music the angels of heaven might have paused to listen to.

A small camp fire was constructed and Mary-Lou assisted by a young man, began cooking the trout that had been caught in their Indian weir of willows. There was a strange pain at her heart, and a sickening sense of evil.

The spring seats were taken from the wagon and placed around the camp-quilt covered with a white table cloth. The contents of well filled lunch baskets was spread about temptingly. Some of the girls had gathered wild flowers and garlanded themselves and decorated the feast.

At this juncture the horses came snorting with fear over a little rise of ground making directly for the camp and protection of their masters, followed full tilt by a dozen painted Indians. When they saw the campers they broke into a chorus of yells, not pausing, however, in their pursuit of the horses, which they captured in less than a hundred yards of the camp. Over this small victory the Indians held a brief, but noisy and sinister jubilee.

The occurrence had brought all our pic-nickers to their feet, and they stood in a huddled, terrified group near the wagon, except Mary-Lou. She, nearly crazy with stark fear, had crept under the wagon tongue, almost between the front wheels.

The Indians came back to the camp in high, good humor, seeming to be joking in their own language, and hilarious over the evident fear and helplessness of their captives, for the boys were unarmed.

Luckily for the captured whites the Indians were a party of young fellows; not blood-thirsty old warriors embittered by the cruel treatment so often meted out to them by transcient white people; and even these scarred old souls were learning to discriminate between "Mericats," as the Indians called the border riff-raff, and the "Mormons" who were their friends.

The Indians were pretty well armed and threatened the captives with their guns and knives, and told them in sign language that it would be safe for them to stay "Put" after whch they proceeded to eat the lunch. It must have been a surprise to stomachs accustomed to a diet of dirty, half-cooked meat, to receive those delicacies.

The food disposed of to the last crumb, the Indians sat down about the quilt and began to gamble for the exclusive possession of the horses, then the harness and other loose articles, after the Indian fashion. Soon one Indian lost all claim to the newly acquired riches, and in a bad humor he came over to the captives and divested one of the boys of his coat and hat for a new stake.

This idea was very contagious. The whole gang then came over and helped themselves to all coats and hats, the girls' shawls, a watch one of the boys had, pocket knives, etc., and the gambling proceeded.

The young folks were fully aware of their critical position, with death or captivity as a possibility. No guards actually stood over them, but they could not so much as change their position, or speak a word of encouragement to one another, with one or more of the Indians threatening them with their guns. They were without dinners and were exposed, bare-headed now, to the heat of the July sun, and were thirsty. One of the girls fainted, and involuntarily her escort stooped to pick her up and received a stunning blow from the butt of a Red man's gun; from the wound the blood flowed freely; and they were obliged to let the poor child lie there, till of her self she recovered.

Bad luck still followed the hat and coat grabber. Having nothing more to gamble he eyed the captives with gloomy menace. He got his gun and announced his intention of killing them as a panacea for his bad luck.

Mary-Lou had been praying with all the fervor of her stricken soul, for the help that could only come from God! as, no doubt all were praying. Suddenly she understood what their enemies were saying.

The Indian who seemed to be the leader among them, and who had won the horses and most of the clothing, said to the self-proclaimed executioner: "No, not kill," but noting the mounting anger of the ruined gambler, added with the quick diplomacy of a successful leader: "They not 'Mericats,' they 'Mormons.' Take

all clothes, send them home like skinned rabbits. No men come shoot for that. Heap big laugh."

The Indians gathered about their leader with shouts of approval, the suggestion appealing to their savage instincts, but it at last stayed the hand of the gloomy murderer.

The boys and girls moved about uneasily sensing the new phase of their unfortunate situation, but not understanding a word the Indian said, could not even conjecture what was being planned for them.

Mary Lou had been almost paralyzed with horror, before she heard and understood this last brutal suggestion. Then she felt all fear leave her, and a scaring indignation against these oppressors took its place. She and her people had always been their friends, and do what they might she would not cringe before them any more.

She crawled out of her hiding place, if such a name could be applied to so perfectly obvious a space, threw back her tawny curls, and like a young princess mounting a throne, she climbed upon the wagon tongue. As the astonished Indians rushed toward her, she stretched out her arm in a gesture of command, and from her lips came gutteral sounds that half persuaded her friends that she had gone insane.

Not so the Indians! They ceased their ribaldry, and gathered about the wagon tongue in open mouthed astonishment. When she paused on an upward inflection, as if asking a question, the Indians bowed their heads and agreed with her. When she had finished she folded her arms in a natural gesture of one who has completed an incontrovertible truth.

The leader drew his band around him, and addressed them briefly, and whatever it was he said the Indians agreed with him.

Then a miracle happened!

Those Indians went swiftly and cheerfully and brought back the horses, harness, clothes, watch, pocket knives, and everything they had taken and restored the plunder to the rightful owners. Not one among them moved with such cheerful alacrity as the sour-faced warrior who had appointed himself their executioner.

Too surprised to quite understand what was happening, the young folks remained silent.

When the Indians mounted their horses and were ready to ride away the chief approached Mary Lou and made such a salute as a brave might accord to a high chieftain, which the girl returned with dignified solemnity, and the raiders departed.

As the Indians disappeared, the recent captives made for the water and the shade. Their nerves had been strained almost to the breaking point, but youth is resilient, and they soon began to

discuss the terrible episode, and to question Mary Lou. They were bewildered by their delivery:

"We didn't know you could talk Indian!"

"When and where did you learn that?"

"What did you say to them?"

But Mary Lou could only shake her head and answer truthfully, "I do not know."

Then a foam-flecked horse dashed into the forlorn-looking little camp, ridden by the repentant and badly alarmed John Albert. He sprang from his horse and gathered the pals and trembling Mary-Lou into his arms as one having the right, and oh, how glad she was of that safe shelter!

Then there were mutual explanations, and John Albert accounted for his presence by saying: "I had been uneasy all day and thought I would come out and get Mary-Lou, and as I came over the last hill, I saw Indians riding away and was afraid they might have sighted you."

"Sighted us! Well I rather guess they did! We have been prisoners for more than two hours, and would still be,—or dead —if Mary Lou hadn't got over her scare enough to talk to them; but I can't imagine what she said to them!" Spluttered Smith.

"*Her* talk to them? Why she don't know a word of Indian! Do you?" questioned John Albert; but Mary Lou did not reply.

Then there fell a significant silence, and after a few tense moments one of the girls said: "I know! We were all praying for deliverance, and Mary Lou had the gift of tongues."

With one accord heads were bared, and on their knees that little band, rescued by the direct intervention of the Most High, from they knew not what horrors, listened, with a deep "Amen," while John Albert poured forth such a heart-felt prayer as it is safe to say, those hills and glens had perhaps never heard before.

Immediate preparations were made to return home. John Albert lifted Mary Lou to a place on his horse, and as he slipped the engagement ring back on her finger said, and his voice carried a world of humble apology: "And *I* said you were not spiritual minded!"

Mary Lou was always reticent on the subject of her talk to those Indians, and it was some time before she could bring herself to tell even her husband the few sentences she had really understood of their talk, and she had thought they were talking English. As to what she said to them, she never had known. It was a message straight from the heavenly Father to his red children, and they understood.

It is well to keep the radios between us and the seat of power in excellent working order by living pure unselfish lives, for we shall need such service every hour so long as we tread the dust.

Editors' Note: This story is founded on an actual incident; for a tongue was given to a party of young picnickers under just such circumstances.

Yer Mother and Yer Dad

Vilate Roundy

You can talk about yer backin', an' the value of a "pull",
An' say the one who's goin' to win must have a pocketful.
But I say the strongest backin' 'at a feller ever had
Is the unseen moral backin' of yer mother an' yer dad.

Oh it's stronger than the law courts, to keep ye climbin' straight,
It helps you more than influential friends, of which folks prate,
When their heart-strings wrap around yer own an' hold ye sound and true
In the way that's right, and from the things ye hadn't ought to do.
And when temptation comes your way you ban it like a cad,
Because you see a vision of yer mother an' yer dad.

You couldn't bear to see 'em grieve—you simply couldn't bear
To have 'em face the fact that all their teachin' wuz thin air,
When just a moment's ponderin' an' you can figger out
The way that their advice would lead—you know beyond a doubt
Which way you'd make 'em happy, an' which way you'd make 'em sad,
An' of course you choose to please 'em, yer mother an' yer dad.

An' when a chance comes by to work, or in some way win praise,
Tho' tacklin' it means rough, hard knocks, and busy weary days,
Yer almost duty bound to try, a thinkin' o' the glow
That lights yer parents' faces up—if you win out, you know!
And always there's a chance like that—a chance to make 'em glad,
There isn't no incentive like yer mother an' yer dad.

Ye can't quite understand it but it's vital, just the same;
It makes ye feel down in yer heart ye'v gotta play the game!
An' sometime in the future when you've rose to fame and power,
You'll know you won it all by just a-thinkin' every hour
Of pleasin' dad an' mother by just bucklin' down yer best,
An' you'll know their teachin's conquered when ye put it to the test.
Then you'll stand up before the world—an' won't it make 'em glad!
Just tell 'em that you owe it all to Mother and to Dad!

Right to left: John L. Boyce, Louise M. Boyce (Mother), Mrytle Brown, Delila M Asay, Betsy S. Walker, Sarah A. Ames, Louise L. Evans, Olvie Wheeler, Rachel B. Olsen.

Louise Marshall Boyce

On May 5, 1926, another pioneer passed to her eternal reward. Grandmother Louise Marshall Boyce was born March 12, 1850, in Herefordshire, England. She was six years old when she came to the United States. Although of tender years she walked a good deal of the way across the plains.

She and her husband—Martin Calvin Boyce—have the distinction of being the first couple married in Oxford, Idaho. Twelve children were born to this union, five sons and seven daughters. Two of the boys died in childhood, the remaining ten lived to be married in the temple. The picture accompanying the article gives us the mother with her son and seven surviving daughters. They are respectively, John L. Boyce, Louise M. Boyce, Myrtle Brown, Delila M. Asay, Betsy S. Walker, Sarah A. Ames, Louise L. Evans, Oliver Wheeler, of Lovell, Wyoming, and Rachel B. Olson of Castle Gate, Utah.

They are a family of Church workers. All of these children have held responsible positions in the various wards and mission conferences where they have resided. The mother—a veteran in Relief Society work—has been connected with the organization for 56 years. She first served as teacher in the organization, and later she served as president in Dayton, Idaho, from 1879 until 1892.

She is greatly beloved by her numerous posterity, who call her blessed for her precept and example. Among the faith-promoting incidents Grandmother Boyce used to tell her children was the story of her mother's migration to Utah. Sarah Marshall heard the gospel message in England. During the time she was investigating same she suffered much sorrow and tribulation, as her husband bitterly opposed her. He died, leaving her penniless with six small children. She joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and worked very hard to support herself and children. After a couple of years she decided she had saved enough to bring herself and children to Zion, also her youngest sister. The night before leaving England her relatives and friends planned a farewell party for her. During the evening several of them were crying and telling her not to go, for she would lose her children and perhaps her own life by the way. Two elders were present and heard the discouraging remarks. One rose to his feet and by the power of the Lord said: "I'll promise Sister Marshall, in the name of Israel's God, she shall go to Zion and shall not lose one of her children by the way." This prophecy was fulfilled, as she with her children were the first of this company to arrive in the valley—this being the first handcart company to arrive in the year 1856, with Captain Ellsworth in charge.

Grandmother Boyce's call came on her wedding anniversary, which was also the wedding anniversary of her parents, and her husband's parents, and her own grandparents. She was greatly beloved here, and there is no doubt she will be greatly welcomed there.

The "Mormon" Pioneers

(*Lines from a poem by George A. English*)

Desolate, drear, forsaken, forlorn;
Just as it was when the world was born,
And since the day when the world was young
That desert lay in the burning sun.
Scant sage, dry, half dead and brown
As the Wasatch snow-capped peaks looked down.
This weary waste and lifeless plain
Had ages long in solitude lain;
Scorched and dry in the sun's hot rays,
Brooding in silence in wavering haze
That rose from sea of salt and brine.
Thus had it lain from dawn of time.
This was the picture that met the gaze
Of the pioneers of those memorable days.

Pioneer Days in Payson

Emma S. Curtis Simmons

The first settlers with their families arrived October 20, 1850, and located on Peteetneet Creek. They were, James Pace, Andrew Pace, Andrew Jackson Stewart, and John Courtland Searless. Two other men with their families arrived December 7. They were Joseph and George Curtis.

December 20, a meeting was held in the home of James Pace, George A. Smith presiding, A. J. Stewart, clerk. (Joseph Curtis also took minutes of the same meeting.) The names of those present were: James Pace, Martha E. Pace, Lucinda Pace, Margaret Pace, William B. Pace, John E. Pace Mary A. Pace, Amanda L. Pace, Warren Sidney Pace, John Courtland Searless, Jerusha Morrison Searless, Ellison Hill, Joseph Curtis, Sally Ann Reed Curtis, Sarah J. Curtis, Delia P. Curtis, Andrew Jackson Stewart, Eunice Haws Stewart, Catherine Stewart, Andrew J. Stewart, Jr., George Curtis, Emma Whaley Curtis, James E. Daniels, Elizabeth J. Daniels, Nathaniel Haws, Elias Gardner, Betsy E. Gardner, Henry Gardner, Lyman Hinman, John Holt, Martha Holt, Susannah Holt, Samuel Holt.

A branch of the Church was organized with James Pace as president. The name of Peteetneet was changed to Payson in honor of the president.

Sunday morning, December 21, G. A. Smith and company continued their journey south. December 22, Joseph Curtis, George Curtis, and James E. Daniels were chosen as school trustees.

The first child was born January 30, 1851. Her name was Jerusha Morrison, daughter of John Courtland and Jerusha Morrison Searless. She died February 8, 1851.

The second child, James McCall, was born April 24, 1851. His parents were James Armstrong and Dorothy Muir McCall of Scotland. He married Eugenie O'Hara. They have nine descendants, still living in Payson. The third child was Emma Sophronia, daughter of George and Emma Whaley Curtis, born September 24, 1851, and at this writing, is living in Provo. The fourth child was Zilpha Z., daughter of Joseph and Sally Ann Reed Curtis, born November 13, 1851. She is the widow of Charles Hancock; her home is in Raymond, Canada. Her descendants number 30.

The fifth child was Elizabeth Luella, daughter of James E. and Elizabeth J. Daniels, born January 8, 1852. She is the widow of John R. Twelves; she has 29 descendants, and her home is

in Provo. (See *Relief Society Magazine*, Nofl 7, Vol. X, July, 1923.)

July 18, 1853, Alexander Keel was shot and instantly killed by an Indian. He was standing guard at the time. This was the commencement of the Walker Indian War. The alarm was quietly given. All the women and children were taken to the meeting house, and two or three private residences where they were closely guarded. It was a night of terror. No one could tell how numerous the Indians might be, or if all would be massacred before morning. As a result of this, one man lost his reason and never regained it although he lived to be an old man; and a young mother paced the floor all night with a small child under each arm.

The morning was calm, clear, and bright, but the terror has hardly lessened. John F. Bellows and two or three other men with their families were at the sawmill in Peteetneet canyon. They must be warned and brought to the town. Joseph and George Curtis, with others were given this task. One of the pioneers stood near the cradle where his babe was sleeping, his hands resting on his gun, his head on his hands, tears rolled down his cheeks. His wife was near enough to see his grief. He turned and left without a word of farewell.

The journey was made, and the families brought home in safety. They saw a few Indians and heard a number of shots, but nothing serious occurred. A little later, a corral was built in the northeast part of town where all the animals were kept. During the day they were herded by armed men. A fort was planned which would enclose twelve blocks. The wall was four feet wide at bottom, and two at the top, six feet high on the inside. The material was taken from the outside which made the wall some ten feet in height. Each owner was supposed to build the wall across his own property. It was never finished.

The supply of water from Peteetneet canyon, northeast of Payson, was good and pure at first, but as time passed, the water became less pure. So much wood and timber had been cut that in the spring there was nothing to hold back the melting snow and the streams were torrents of roily water. Then they built a public well in the center of the street, northeast of the present Nebo stake tabernacle, which supplied the people with good water for several years.

Usually there were six weeks of good sleighing and with the extreme zero, the fruit trees were winter killed. It was years before fruit could be raised.

The first homes were log huts, with dirt floors, dirt roofs with cane or small cotton wood trees as a support. As

the land was cleared of sage brush, it answered two purposes. The brush made a good light to read by, and also served as brooms.

The amusements during the winter consisted of a Friday night dance lasting until nearly morning. During holidays a play was put on, followed by singing, and a farce which would be repeated several times. The house was always well filled, candle-lighted, the actors wonderfully talented (so the audience thought). Even now it is difficult to decide whether it was talent or dearth of amusements that made the people so appreciative.

Sometimes the grasshoppers and crickets swept the gardens and fields of all vegetation. Perhaps it was about 1862 that the first good crops were produced, and all Utah of the womenkind went a gleaning. The writer of this article gleaned two and a half bushels of wheat, which was sold to Southworth, at the Octagon House, one of the first stores in Provo. It is still standing across the street south from the Third ward meeting house. Twenty dollars! All my own! Verily, I was rich. With that wealth I purchased two calico dresses and one of a little better grade.

The schools gave a desire for better education; the community was happy and contented. No complaints were heard, nor was poverty realized, because everyone was busy. The wool pickings and quiltings were festive occasions, and fortunate were those who had many of them, as were also the families who had webs of home-spun to clothe themselves.

It is only by looking back and comparing the past with the present, that one can realize the great changes that have been wrought. Our fertile valleys, heavily laden orchards, beautiful, fragrant flowers, are monuments to Brigham Young and the pioneers.

Note: October, 1925, the citizens of Payson celebrated the 75 anniversary of the founding of the town.

How to Teach

Dean L. John Nuttall, Brigham Young University

I am not here to talk to you about just how to teach but about how to teach adults. We have not studied this question as much as we should. We have not paid nearly as much attention to it as we have paid to the study of how we ought best teach younger folk and little children. There is a reason why we have neglected learning more about teaching adults. Older people are more polite than children. If children go to Sunday School and are bored with a poorly taught lesson, the mothers have trouble getting them to go back, and they are not modest about saying why they do not want to go. If a group of girls about fifteen years of age are poorly taught, they giggle, and the teacher knows that something is wrong. She studies how to avoid these giggles which are impolite but which at times really do show good judgment. When we find the young men in the Church would prefer to go down town rather than to go to meeting; when we find them staying away from Priesthood classes, the bishop wonders what is the matter with the boys. The boys insist they are all right but do not like their class work. Then we study the problem of how to teach the boys. But the older folks are so thoroughly loyal, so imbued with the idea that going to Church is at least in part a duty which they owe to the Church, that they will permit themselves to be poorly taught without protesting, so we have not studied the problem of teaching them. In this discussion we can talk this problem over and make some suggestions which may be helpful if not final.

First consider the responsibility of teaching these older people. When we realize that in a Relief Society meeting we ask from twenty to fifty mothers to leave their homes for two hours and then return home and find the housework still to be done by extra exertion, we realize that it is our first obligation to have a message for them which will make their souls bigger and their lives happier when they are through, so that our problem is so to teach them that they will enjoy being present.

Second, consider the aims in teaching parents in Church. When we think of mothers and fathers, we think of them as parents. A parent is one who cares for children, but in addition is a human being, full of joy, full of ability, full of willingness to do and deserving of being considered as an end in the teaching work. An illustration will make this distinction clear.

I am talking to a mother, and I have half an hour to spend

with her. I take my subject from the field of literature. I can do one of two things. I can say, "You are a mother and have children at home, and you are going to have to teach the children some day, so probably I would better give you something for the children." I fill her up like a basket with children's literature which she takes home and distributes to the children. She thus becomes a means to the end that my teaching is meant to achieve. Or I can talk to that mother and I can say, "You are a human being, you love pleasure, you love to enjoy life, you have imagination which, if permitted to work, will bring you as much real pleasure as it would to anybody else in this community, so what I am going to do for you today is to give you a story which you will enjoy, because it fits into your life, but when you get through you will feel that you have lived your own life as an end, not as a means to an end somewhere else."

Mothers and fathers whose lives are thus enriched will be parents and will be happier ones.

We have three distinct aims in teaching parents, each one calling for a different type of methods. First, we teach lessons in which the members of our classes are given material which they in turn will teach to others as a series of stories or games. Second, we have lessons that are taught to be applied in some of the more practical fields of work; for example, community health work. The third aim is a distinct information and appreciation aim. When asked why they should study the baptism of Jesus, the first three or four speakers in a parents' class said it would not do them any good. They inferred that they had already studied it, that it sounded like an old familiar subject, that they knew all about the baptism of Jesus. A second group of speakers thought that it would be all right to study it because sometimes we might have to teach it to our children. As a third group a sister got up and said, "I would like to know just the facts of the case." The teacher began to ask questions about the place where Jesus was baptized, who were there, how John the Baptist was dressed, etc. There was evidenced much doubt. The class then read the accounts of the baptism of Jesus as they are recorded in each of the four gospels; discussed them; and learned accurate facts. It is merely an illustration of the joy that can come to a group of adults learning some new facts—not new in the sense that they are recently discovered, but facts that they haven't known. They have known about them, but they have never known them, in detail.

The appreciation element of the aim is achieved when the members of the class at the end of the lesson say, "That was a good time; I just thoroughly loved it, and whenever I get time I am going to study some more of that." When the class mem-

bers say, "I guess that was a beautiful subject, but for the life of me I couldn't stay awake," then they are not appreciating. When the class members say, "That was very entertaining, I quite liked it, but for the world, now, I don't know what it was about," they are getting enjoyment but not learning. The information and appreciation aim is a lesson so designed that during its process every member of the class is having a good time, being entertained, really getting pleasure out of the moments in the class, and then when it is all over, say it is worthwhile, that it brought so much joy, pleasure, entertainment, that at the first real opportunity they will have more of it. The three aims are: the applied aim, the information aim, the appreciation aim. It is this last point that we oftentimes think the members of our adult classes don't need. One of our fine writers has said: "The best characters in literature will influence them (speaking of older people): their daily labor will be dignified, new joy will come into their lives from this association with science, literature and art; and they will find that true happiness does not come from wealth but from sympathy with the best things in art and with the love of nature." Bigger things will come into our lives if we will really teach the purposes of religion, and not alone its application.

Third—What is the suggestion of method? Briefly, it is this: We have spent too much time just telling each other about things when there hasn't been enough difference between the ability and the knowledge of the teacher and the ones being taught. This is the chief factor in the weakness of our present method. Everyone would go and pay for it if necessary, to learn from and enjoy a lecture given by a specialist recognized for his superior ability in his special line. Let us keep on using experts as far as we can. Most of our class leaders are people willing to work and do their best. Even after preparation, the teachers do not feel much better equipped than the members of their classes. So the teacher faces the class with a good deal of diffidence and modesty and the class does not respond with the same degree of confidence as if the teacher were a little farther beyond them in knowledge of the subject. We do not want to change this teaching system. We want the neighborhood people to come together and be taught; this is a plea for more of a study-together type of method. There is a lesson on diet in the social service work for May. That lesson contains a little description of diet in terms of calories, vitamins, carbohydrates, fats, etc. How can the information in the *Magazine* be made most useful? It is based upon the experiments of the scientists. Their results are to be applied in the home. My suggestion for that lesson would be to have a little review on what diet means. What is the difference between diet and food? Review what calories mean, what vitamins mean, and

give a suggestion that the ordinary housewife and mother is absolutely helpless to measure them alone. She can accept the gifts of science and apply them. Then have the class or the group of women read the table of facts together; then, having learned what all the symbols mean, say to the women, "Let us make a list now of all of the foods listed there that have in them Vitamin C, or have Vitamin A, or other important elements. Then the class may be asked to take the papers on which they are working, and with a pencil indicate five foods which could be served for breakfast. This *Magazine* and a sheet of paper and a pencil in the hands of the women is all the equipment that is necessary. More would probably be learned this way than if the class leader merely told the class the contents of that lesson. Substitute for the telling-type of lesson a little more studying together. Learn while you are together and let the women work out the practical application of what they learn after the return home.

The same plan of teaching can be used for the theological lesson on the life of John the Baptist. Have the class work over the facts as they are found,—a little bit in the book of Matthew, a little in Mark, and a little in Luke or John. Then have them piece it all together and get the chronology. The teacher can give the class the contribution of modern revelation. Let us have a little less of the telling, a little less of the feeling of responsibility on the part of the teacher and more on the part of class members but let all study together. The teacher should always summarize in a fine, systematic way the things that have been learned. Teachers should be conscious of their aims and follow the study method. I believe it will add to the pleasure and to the joy and value of the adult classes in the Church.

Conference Addresses

ALICE L. REYNOLDS

Perhaps I have had my most intimate touch with Relief Society work in my contact with the lessons. If the Lord will bless me with his Spirit, I shall endeavor to bring to you a testimony from the lesson work. Nine years ago there was a lesson published in the theological section that told us that when the time should come that the Holy Land should be redeemed and Jerusalem rebuilt, the Jews from all parts of the world would go back having a knowledge of the arts and crafts of the whole civilized world, and as a consequence the work of redemption would go on very rapidly. Last month a magazine known as the *Readers' Digest* published an article called "Boom Days in the Holy Land," and when I quote to you some of the matter in that article, I shall leave it to you to judge whether the things said in your lesson are true. It is only five years since the British accepted the mandate for Palestine. We are told today that there is a twelve-story building—an American skyscraper, being put up outside the walls of Jerusalem; that there is a hotel that will rival in magnificence any of the hotels in Egypt, and that the city of Tel Avive, a Jewish city built north of Jaffa, has 35,000 Jewish inhabitants, and that it is the first wholly Jewish city built in that land since the time of the Romans; that there are seventy industries going on in that city; that they are making textiles, stoves, and a good many other things. Perhaps the most remarkable industry is a brick factory, which is kept going night and day, with three shifts of men. Now when you think that most of the houses in that land have been mud huts, you will realize what this means. We are told on the best authority that one may ride between Cairo and the city of Jerusalem and find mud huts that resemble the homes that sheltered Abraham and Joseph. Now, to think that people have gone into that land, who know how to make brick, you may fancy what a transformation is taking place. Not very far from the city of Tel Avive is a power plant which furnishes it with electric lights. It must seem a marvel to those people to witness such a sight.

When Christ stood on the Mount of Olives he said, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not. Henceforth your land shall be a land of desolation unto you." How literally that prophecy has been fulfilled only those who have seen the desolation can realize. Will you accept my testi-

mony that the prophecy has been fulfilled to the very letter. Sister Eliza R. Snow who once stood at the head of this organization, visited Palestine, in the year 1873. If you care to turn to her poems you will find that all the way through they breathe the story of the desolation and almost the degradation of the land. Of course, she has filled her poem with the light of promise, and we live in the hour when that promise is being fulfilled. Just let me add one other item. Today it is said that the death rate in the city of Jerusalem is not greater than that in the city of London. When the British went there they found the land covered with cisterns. You will remember that Christ told us about the cisterns used to catch water. He reproved the Pharisees because they objected to his healing on the Sabbath, and said, Which of you, if you had a sheep fall into a pit would not assist it in getting out? There were six thousand cisterns in that land, and the first thing the British did was to clean those cisterns out; some of them had not been cleaned for over one hundred years, and every Summer people suffered and died from malaria. This will indicate how great has been the improvement along sanitary lines. Now the word of the Lord faileth not. We have heard our leaders prophecy all our lives that the day would come when Jerusalem should be redeemed. We heard in the beautiful song sung this morning the words: "Lo, Judah's remnant cleansed from sin shall in the promised Canaan stand."

GENERAL SECRETARY, MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN

The lack of faith in the world today, together with some recent personal experiences, has led me of late to appreciate more than ever before the value of faith and the great blessing it is to those who possess it.

I am sure that every woman in this audience has passed through trials and afflictions which would have been almost unbearable without faith in God and a testimony of the gospel, with all that it comprehends.

Faith in our heavenly Father and in his Son Jesus Christ is an asset to any individual. It helps him to be a brave and courageous individual. It helps to make him a positive and forceful character as opposed to a negative and vascillating one. It helps him to have confidence in himself and confidence in others; to believe in himself and to believe in others; to be generous to those in need and charitable to those less fortunate; to be cheerful, hopeful and optimistic.

Faith in the Father and the Son is a blessing—yes one of the greatest blessings one can have. It is more far-reaching as a comforter than any other influence. It is a source of solace

in times of sickness, sorrow and despair. Faith helps an individual to be philosophical and to meet with comparative composure whatever comes, and to be resigned and reconciled to circumstances over which he has no control. It helps one to be meek and humble and to put his trust in God.

Faith in the Father and the Son presupposes a belief in their teachings which include a pre-existent state and a life beyond the grave; and to a Latter-day Saint it comprehends the gospel plan of life and salvation as revealed to us through the Prophet Joseph Smith. Such faith and such belief helps one to formulate a plan of life on the highest plane, and to set up worthy and worthwhile standards of living which conform to the standards of the gospel. It helps one to judge of values—to choose between those things which are really worthwhile—which are lasting and eternal—and those things which are temporary and passing. It makes one realize that life is a stepping stone to a higher life, and the better the life here the greater the happiness here and in the life to come. Faith fills the possessor with the desire to emulate the life of the Savior and to keep the commandments of God.

Sublime faith is one of the greatest of all gifts. Let us pledge our allegiance to our faith. Let us as individuals say, "No man may destroy my faith and hope and belief and leave me a stone." For I have observed that those who have no faith, and who tend to undermine and destroy faith in others, never, so far as I know, leave anything constructive in its place.

Let us not be influenced by doubters and cynics and atheists, nor by the wave of doubt and despair which is filling the earth today. Let us cling to the belief that faith with good works is an asset, a comforter, a blessing; it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. Let us cling to the belief that faith is our birthright and let us sell it not for a mess of pottage.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

PROGRAM FOR AUXILIARY GROUP CONVENTIONS FOR 1926
(To be held in connection with the regular quarterly conferences)

DATES

July 24-25—Curlew, Lethbridge, Lost River.
July 27-28—Alberta.
July 31-August 1—Taylor, Twin Falls.
August 7-8—Big Horn, Blaine, Wayne, Teton.
August 14-15—Bannock, Blackfoot, Idaho Falls, Oneida.
August 21-22—Bear River, Idaho, Kanab, Portneuf, So. Sanpete.
August 28-29—Bear Lake, Garfield, Gunnison, Millard, Panguitch.
September 11-12—Boise, Juab, Minidoka, Montpelier, Parowan, Raft River, No. Sanpete, San Juan.
September 15-16—Young.
September 18-19—Duchesne, Roosevelt, San Luis, Star Valley, Union, St. George.
September 25-26—Carbon, Deseret, Fremont, Hyrum, Morgan, Sevier, Uintah.
October 16-17—Benson, Cassia, No. Sevier, Shelley, Tintic, Woodruff, Yellowstone.
October 23-24—So. Sevier, Summit, Snowflake.
October 30-31—Beaver, Emery, Malad, St. Johns.
November 6-7—Burley, Maricopa.
November 13-14—Juarez.
November 20-21—Pocatello, Rigby, St. Joseph, Moapa.
November 27-28—Franklin, Wasatch, Los Angeles.

Conventions separate from the quarterly conferences are to be held in the following stakes, the dates to be given later in a separate program: Alpine, Box Elder, Cache, Cottonwood, Ensign, Granite, Grant, Jordan, Kolob, Liberty, Logan, Mt. Ogden, Nebo, North Davis, North Weber, Ogden, Oquirrh, Palmyra, Pioneer, Salt Lake, South Davis, Tooele, Utah, Weber.

SCHEDULE OF RELIEF SOCITY MEETINGS AND GENERAL SESSIONS AND PROGRAM OF RELIEF SOCIETY MEETINGS

Saturday, 10:00 to 11:30 a. m.,—General Session.
Saturday, 11:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.—Executive Officers Meeting. (Interview with General Board member and Relief Society stake presidency and secretary-treasurer.)
1. Questionnaire. 2. Round Table Discussion.

Saturday, 2:00 to 4:00 p. m.—Relief Society Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting. (Held simultaneously with general session of conference. All stake and ward officers should be in attendance, also visiting teachers and class leaders. High Councilman representative and all bishops are especially invited. If any of the brethren of the stake are county commissioners, we would be pleased to have them invited to this meeting.)

1. Report of Stake Conditions (15 minutes).....Relief Society Stake President
2. Social Problems (60 minutes)...General Board Member
3. Teacher-Training (10 minutes)....Stake Board Member
4. Address, "Application of the Ten Commandments to Daily Life" (25 minutes) .....General Board Member

Saturday, 8:40 to 10:30 p. m.—Entertainment for the entire stake membership, under the direction of the M. I. A.

Sunday, 10:00 a. m. to 12 Noon—Relief Society Stake Board Meeting.

(Held simultaneously with general session devoted to the work of the Sunday School.) This meeting will be for stake board members only.

1. Accomplishments of Work and Business Meeting (15 minutes) .....Stake Board Member
2. Miscellaneous Problems (30 minutes).....General Board Member
3. Questionnaire (35 minutes) ....General Board Member
4. Conversation of Time and Energy Within and Without the Home (30 minutes).....General Board Member

Sunday, 2:00 to 4:00 p. m.—General Conference Session.

Sunday, 7:30 to 9:00 p. m. General Meeting Under Direction of M. I. A.

Wasatch Stake

SUMMER PROGRAM

Programs for two meetings each month—the second and fourth Tuesdays in July and August.

Second Tuesday in July, under direction of ward presidency—Business meeting with teachers' reports, testimony bearing.

Fourth Tuesday in July, under direction of the three class leaders—A comedy in one act "Sewing for the Heathens," old folks and homebound special guests; district teachers serve light refreshments.

Second Tuesday in August—business with teachers' reports; program under direction of choristers and organists; songs selected from *Relief Society Song Book*, including quartette, trio

and choruses by Relief Society members; violin solo and piano selection, from best talent in ward.

Fourth Tuesday in August—A committee to be appointed by president to plan entertainment for Mutual officers and girls and Relief Society members; songs by Relief Society members from *M. I. A. Song Book;* games and refreshments.

Annual Stake Day, held at Sukes' Hot Pots, August 17—ward officers and members to provide transportation and luncheon; each ward to display Relief Society colors; the stake and each ward to provide a prize. The day's activities consisted of trios, quartettes from wards, luncheon, bathing, dancing, prizes for each ward entering a quartette, prizes for oldest lady present, for person who has belonged to Relief Society longest, for ward with most officers present, for ward with most members present, for ward which had spent most days in temple work from January 1 to August 1, prize for ward which had the highest average attendance from January 1 to August 1, prize for ward which has the most members who had beautified home surroundings by planting flowers, or shrubs, or viness or trees. Four hundred fifty people attended the stake outing and six bishoprics were represented.

The Ugly Duckling

Brooks Kairn

Truly an ugly duckling grown
Into a rich plumed swan are you
Royal Beehive state
Once drab—now marked in brilliant hue
On Nature's slate.

'Twas scarce an idle prophecy
That sturdy pioneer chieftain made
Through vision's glow
To his staunch, humble cavalcade
Long years ago.

For one by one those ancient dreams
Unfold in truth, sustain the words
"This is the place;"
Choice now this land the mountain girds,
By heaven's grace.

Lo! here a wondrous garden lives
Where vicious wilderness once lay,
Who then may prate
That Utah's star sheds lesser ray
In forty-eight?

Teachers' Topic for September

HOME TALKS

Cooperation Between the Home and the School

I. Why there should be cooperation:
   1. The school supplements and continues the training the child receives in the home.
   2. The school and the home have a common object in the training of the child.
   3. An understanding of the work of each promotes harmony and greater ability to deal with the child in the most intelligent way.

II. How to cooperate with the school:
   1. Parents should visit schools to become acquainted with methods and standards also to meet teachers.
   2. Invite teachers to visit home, especially if there is difficulty between teacher and pupil. (A teacher is always more interested in a pupil after a visit to the home, or after a visit to the school from the parent.)
   3. Parents should not criticize adversely school or teachers before pupils. This habit makes cooperation difficult.
   4. Parents should take an attitude of helpfulness toward teachers and school, and should make every effort to cultivate the same attitude in the child.
   5. If the child is unhappy in school the parent should go to the teacher in a friendly spirit and try to help her understand the child and study ways of removing the difficulty.
   6. Parents should understand the rules of the school and why they are made. They are thus better able to interpret the rules to the child.
   7. To join and attend Parent Teachers' Associations, cultivates the spirit of cooperation, and brings the home and the school closer together.

We specialize in all branches of laundry work
Let us relieve you of the worries of washday

Royal
LAUNDRY

Wasatch 2624 *Quality Laundry* 625 State Street
SALT LAKE CITY

IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE

And the greatest *real* pleasure we can have is to help someone who is sick. Nature did not intend that we should have so many ailments and the body is so constructed that it is able to build itself up and throw off the impurities we take into it up to a certain extent, then it requires some extra help. Nature again comes to the rescue by placing *Radium* in the earth so water coming in contact with it becomes *Radioactive*, thereby supplying that *Extra* life and energy required to restore us to health again. Most Spring Water carries this Radioactivity in the form of a "healing gas," to some extent, yet it is only at such noted springs as the "Arkansas Hot Springs" in this country; and Vichy, France; Baden Baden, Germany; Bath, England and some others that carry this in sufficient amount to be of real health value. To eliminate the enormous expense of going to these places for treatment The National Radium Corporation of Chicago and Denver, the oldest and largest Radium concern in the world has perfected the Lifetime Radium Water Jar, guaranteed for a lifetime to produce a greater amount of Radioactivity than is found in any World Known Health Spring.

This jar is made entirely of aluminum with a powerful preparation of pure Radium Salts sealed in the bottom, holds eleven quarts of water, enough for the entire family.

Fill the jar with your regular drinking water at night or just as you take it out and then drink about eight glasses or more each day. Approximately seventy-five percent of all ailments or diseases are cured through this simple nature's method.

Investigate Now. Call and see us or write

The G. & H. Co.

21 East 1st South, Salt Lake City, Utah
15 East 1st North, Logan, Utah
2477 Kiesel Avenue, Ogden, Utah
Columbia Theatre Building, Provo, Utah

LET THE *Deseret News Policy* Protect You

Accidents Happen Every Day

You can't tell her that you can't afford this:

It only costs one dollar for one year, costs so little, protection so great.

If you walk across the street, ride in autos, travel on trains, ride in street cars, go to theatres or church, you need this policy.

Write us today and let us tell you more about it. Phone Wasatch 550 or call at our office.

The Deseret News

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Cameras and Films

Fresh supply always on hand. Developing and printing at standard prices

Deseret Book Co.

44 East on So. Temple

Temple *and* Burial Clothes

COMPLETE SUITS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Variety of Grades and Prices

Prompt and Careful Attention To Mail—Telephone—Telegraph Orders

Open Daily, 9 a. m.—5 p. m.

General Board Relief Society

Phone Wasatch 3286
29 Bishop's Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

HERE IS HIGH-POWERED CLEANING HELP *FREE*

World's largest selling vacuum cleaner sent to your home for free use. $8.50 set of attachments FREE with each cleaner purchased.

Eureka Vaccum Cleaner Co.
161 So. State

Sold by

Utah Power & Light Co.
Wasatch 500

Serve—

BECCO

On Your Camping Trips –

—take along plenty of bottles of sparkling Becco. Its honest flavor makes it the favorite with everyone—and it reassures you of absolute purity in what you drink.

Manufactured by

BECKER PRODUCTS CO.

Ogden, Utah

Glazier and Taylor HOSIERY COMPANY

33 EAST BROADWAY

A Store Dealing in Quality Hosiery and Underwear Exclusively

Heavy Silk Full-Fashioned, all colors
A wonderful Hose for wear

Per Pair $1.95
Box of Three Pairs.....$5.50

Semi-Fashioned, all colors, beautiful and durable

Per Pair $1.50
Box of Three Pairs $4.25

Silk with Extra Stretch Elastic Top, the Comfort Stocking

Per Pair $1.50
Box of Three Pairs $4.25

Pure Silk, Semi-Fashioned, very durable. All Colors

Per Pair $1.00
Box of Three Pairs.....$2.85

MAIL ORDERS PREPAID

MRS MARY A OLLERTON
EAST 4 TH NORTH
PROVO UTAH

Scowcroft's

BLUE PINE
BRAND
FOOD PRODUCTS
Scowcroft's
BLUE PINE
GROUND MUSTARD, VINEGAR, and WHOLE PICKLING SPICES will do their share toward making good pickles. We guarantee them.
Full O'Flavor

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine